

No. 51

10c

NOVEMBER

BIG
SHOT

BIG SHOT

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SPARKY WATTS
THE FACE
JOE PALOOKA
DIXIE DUGAN
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CHARLIE CHAN
and BO

SAY GOOD BYE,
TOJO — **THE YANKS**
ARE COMING!



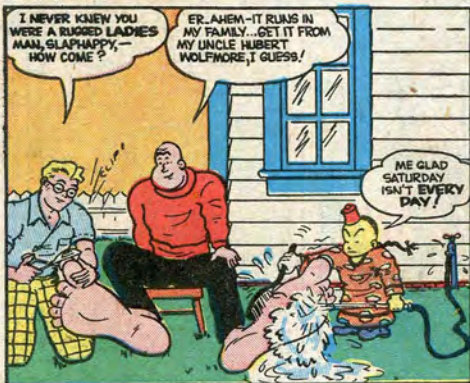


**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

SPARKY WATTS

DOC STATIC HAS INVENTED A COSMIC RAY MACHINE THAT MADE SPARKY WATTS THE STRONGEST MAN ON EARTH... IT ALSO MADE SLAPHAPPY'S FEET—THE BIGGEST...

16



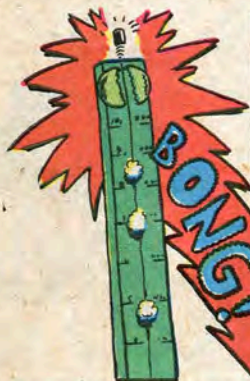
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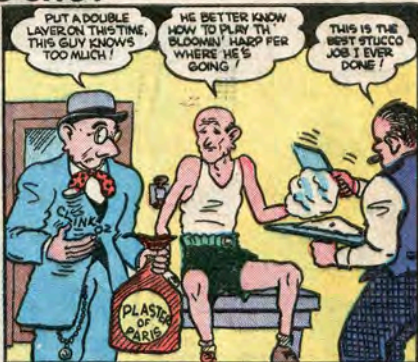
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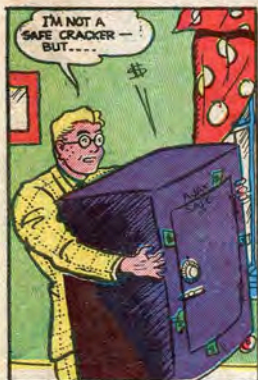
BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



MORE OF SPARKY WATTS, WORLDS STRONGEST FUNNY MAN, IN THE NEXT ISSUE!

BIG SHOT

The

SKYMAN



A BEAUTIFUL RED-HEAD, A FORMULA FOR HIGH-EXPLOSIVE, AND A SUBTERRANEAN TORTURE CHAMBER, COMBINE TO GIVE SKYMAN AN EXCITING AFTER-NOON . . . !

UNCLE PETE! A V-MAIL LETTER ALL THE WAY FROM CHINA-- FROM FAWN CARROLL! SHE'S STILL WITH THE 14TH AIR FORCE BOYS.

SHE WRITES THAT SKYMAN WAS THERE, BUT HAS LEFT --- **HEY!**

RAISE YOUR DAINTY HANDS, PRETTY BOY-- IT'S HEALTHY EXERCISE!



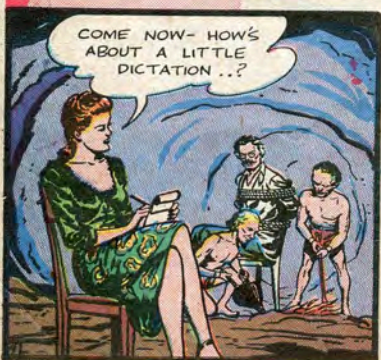
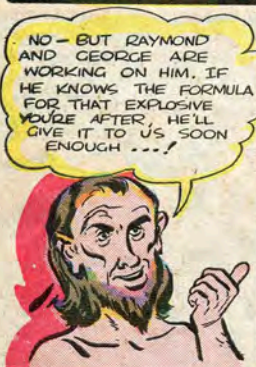
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BIG SHOT

MEN!

Sensational New

NECKTIE GLOWS
in the Dark!

**CREATES A SENSATION
WHEREVER YOU GO...**

It seems almost unbelievable, the magic beauty of an amazing new kind of stylish, wrinkleproof, high-class necktie that actually glows in the dark! Glows with a strange, luminous pattern of the patriot's universal fighting code. . . . "V!" It's called the new Victory Necktie, and what a sensation! Both men and women rave about its magnificent beauty, and the startling miracle of its glow in the dark, and makes it the most unusual strikingly unique tie you've ever seen. Imagine its marvelous effect—its actual protection in blackouts, or dimouts, for its light can be seen at a distance. And now, through this astounding but limited introductory offer, you, too, can secure some of these ties to wear yourself or give as treasured gifts.



**BY DAY
A
WONDERFUL
NECKTIE**



**BY NIGHT
THE MOST
UNIQUE EFFECT
YOU HAVE
EVER SEEN**



ONLY 98¢

**YOU MUST SEE THIS MIRACLE YOURSELF
SEND NO MONEY... MAIL COUPON... TEST AT OUR RISK**

Make no mistake, this new Victory Necktie must not be confused with any ordinary novelty tie, for by day you'll be vastly proud of its fine material, its smartness—a high-class, distinctive tie in every way. Wrinkleproof! Ties up perfectly! It's a rich dark blue, and in a splendor of red and white, is the Victory Code that glows in the dark. You would expect this wonderful tie to be very expensive, but it won't cost you \$5.00 nor even \$2.00, for under this special limited offer, it is yours for only 98¢. Nor is that all. You send no money. You merely pay postman 98¢ plus postage. Then examine. See how beautiful. And if you're not eager to wear it, if you are not fully satisfied in every way, all you need to do is return it under the manufacturer's positive assurance of money refunded. That's fair, isn't it? Don't wait. Send for your Victory Necktie that glows in the dark NOW.

MAIL THIS COUPON!

GLOW IN THE DARK NECKTIE CO., Dept. 511
207 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill.

Rush me my Victory Necktie that glows in the dark. I will pay postman 98¢ plus postage with your positive assurance I will be delighted, or return tie for full refund.

If you want us to send you 3 Glowing Neckties for \$2.79 check here ☐

Name

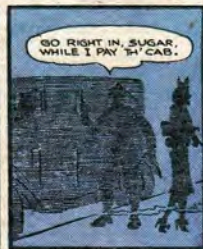
Address

City Zone State

Everywhere you go, by day or night, your Victory (also called Blackout) Necktie will attract attention, envy, and admiration. Imagine its beauty by day—the fighting man's — "V" for Victory, in striking, red, white and blue! And at night the Victory Code in flaming beauty! Wear this tie with pride—It's smart, wrinkleproof—and holds its shape perfectly. A superb bargain in quality, with the added sensational magic of glowing in the dark. Send for yours now!

JOE PALOOKA

by HAM FISHER.



JOE PALOOKA

by HAM FISHER.



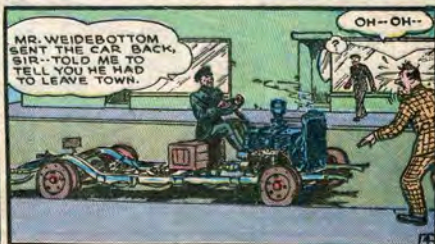
JOE PALOOKA

by HAM FISHER.



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by HAM FISHER.



JOE PALOOKA

by HAM FISHER.



DIXIE DUGAN

By McEVoy and STRIEBEL

WHEN BUD HALE MICKEYS FIANCEE WAS DRAFTED—MICKEY AND DIXIE WENT ON A TRIP UPON THEIR RETURN...

H'LO! HERE COME YOUR WANDERING —
?????



WELL—I LIKE THAT! WHY THE DROOPING JAWS?

OH, HELLO, DARLING! WE ARE GLAD TO SEE BOTH OF YOU AGAIN — WE'RE STILL IN THE THROES OF SAD NEWS —

SAD NEWS?



IT'S YOUR UNCLE, UNCLE BEVVY? DEAR

??



OH—NO—NO!!

BETTER GO WITH HER, DEAR

O.K.



OHH—BOO—HOO MICKEY—WAIT!



I'M GOING TO DRIVE!

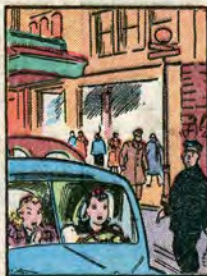
SOB—SOB—SOB ALL—SOB—RIGHT—SOB



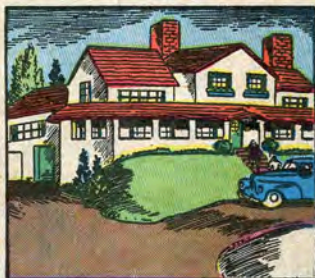
SNAP OUT OF IT! NO USE GETTING PANICKY WHEN WE DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIM!



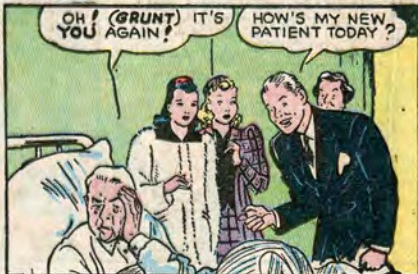
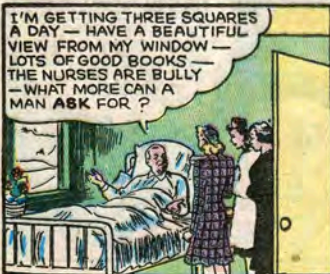
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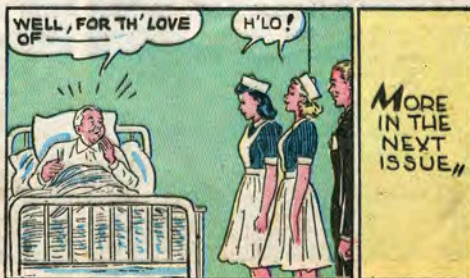
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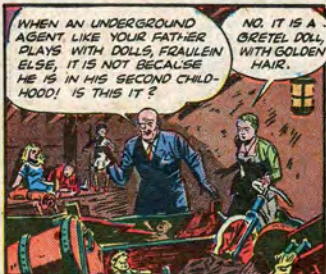
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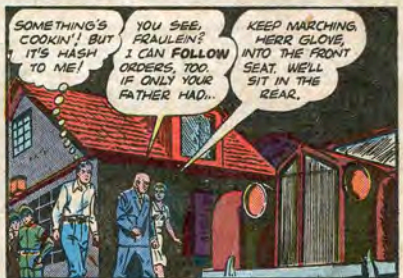
VIC

J·O·R·D·A·N

VIC IS BEING HELD PRISONER BELOW-WHILE IN THE ATTIC ELSE AND MR. GLOVE SEARCH FOR A DOLL BELIEVED TO HOLD INFORMATION CONCERNING THE FRENCH UNDERGROUND.



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



SO, THIS IS THE ARYAN SUPERMAN—WHEN HE HASN'T GOT A KNIFE AT YOUR BACK!

I'M A WEALTHY MAN, HERE, MUELLER. I HAVE POWER. I CAN HELP YOU... RUDOLPH TELL THEM—



YOUR POWER HAS ENDED, HERR GLOVE. YOU ARE GOING TO DIE!



CHAUFFEUR—SLOW DOWN!



AS ELSE ORDERS THE SPEEDING CAR TO SLOW DOWN, MR. GLOVE PULLS SHARPLY ON THE HANDBRAKE—



WOW! MY HEAD!—ELSE!... ELSE!—



I—I'M ALL RIGHT. BUT MR. GLOVE—WHERE IS HE?—



I DON'T KNOW BUT, I'LL SOON FIND OUT! DON'T MIND THE CHAUFFEUR. HE'S THROUGH!



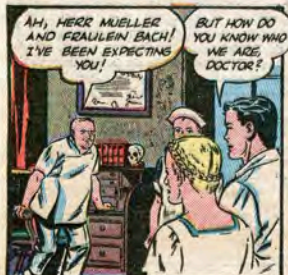
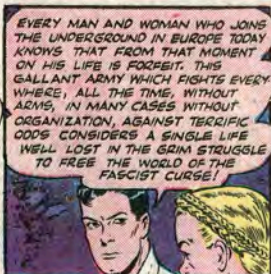
VIC LEAPS FROM THE WRECKED CAR IN SWIFT PURSUIT OF MR. GLOVE.



LISTEN! HE'S FALLING! WISH I COULD MAKE SURE HE'S DEAD!

WE HAVEN'T TIME TO HUNT FOR HIM, ELSE. AS SOON AS THAT WRECK'S FOUND THE GESTAPO WILL BE HUNTING US!

BIG SHOT



THE ASHES OF MR. ACROPOLIS

By MART BAILEY

TOBY PERWOLD'S little red moustache looked like a caterpillar that had been disappointed in love and had let itself go. "Tell me," I said, wincing at this human tragedy at the other end of the mahogany bar, "what catastrophe has reduced Brother Toby to this deplorable state?"

Joe the Bartender rung *No Sale* on the cash register and slipped a dollar into his shoe with a muttered imprecation upon distrustful beer garden proprietors who sew up a bartender's pockets.

"You want to hear about Toby Perwold and the bronze lamp?" he replied at last. "It's a ghoulish story. Makes my blood run cold."

"Just the thing for a summer night," I said, and lighted my cigar.

LAST TUESDAY (began Joe the Bartender, sprinkling an extra acre of salt over the free lunch) Toby came home with the bronze lamp. The proprietor of the second-hand store, who had bear-trapped Toby as he was passing by, was a big gorilla with a gift for oily persuasion and a menacing knack of cracking his knuckles. He seemed peculiarly anxious to get rid of the bronze lamp, even if he had to take a mere five hundred percent profit.

"What have you there?" said Toby's Aunt Amelia as he unwrapped the lamp. "More debris?"

Had she not spoken, Toby would have sent the lamp promptly to the ashcan. Better had he done so! But when Aunt Amelia gave one of her raspy laughs, Toby, as it were, clasped the lamp to his bosom.

"A very excellent lamp," he replied stiffly.

"Ha!"

"I bought it especially for my desk. Sets it off."

"With three panes missing?"

Indeed, as Toby would have admitted to anyone else, the lamp was in a sorry condition. Three panes of the green glass shade were missing. Moreover, the lamp needed a scouring, and the dancing figures which emblazoned the vase section had been nearly effaced by time or misuse.

"Gives more light without the panes," said Toby.

"Ha!"

"And now, if you will be kind enough to get an electric bulb, we shall see how it works."

"Where do you think you're going to put the electric bulb, lunkhead?" inquired Aunt Amelia.

"Why, right here," said Toby, and his finger, probing on unfamiliar mechanism, discovered that the bronze lamp belonged to the era of kerosene illumination.

"Ha!" said Aunt Amelia.

"I'll use it for a paperweight until we can secure the necessary juice," said Toby.

"Ha!" said Aunt Amelia, and proceeded to dust the room for the twelfth time that day.

TOBY, as you know, is a script writer for a comic book. In pursuance of this foul profession, he frequently spends whole nights

driving over the typewriter about Mad Monsters who turn out to be Japanese spies and superduper heroes in satin capes and tight boots.

Two a.m. of this ill-fated day found Toby going swell. His typewriter was clacking beautifully; the mood was upon him, he was equipped with a bottle of Aunt Amelia's root beer and a carton of cigarettes. Life seemed very good. One more page ending separated the hero in the atomic helmet from climbing out of the acid vat and dealing harshly with the five-eyed monster, or vice versa. Yes, life was good, thought Toby, and he could almost endure the sight of the bronze lamp.

With the satisfaction that comes to an author who has kept faith with his public and has laded out the blood and suspense undiluted, Toby would have written *finis* sometime before dawn. That is, if he had not fallen asleep.

He was awakened by a heavy metallic clank.

Comic book script writers are a canny lot, Toby tells me, and equal to any occasion. Comes of having to get their heroes incessantly out of exploding arsenals and spots like that. Hearing this unusual sound (unusual unless you keep a milkman's horse in the parlor), Toby did what he says any red-blooded comic book author would do. He lifted the lid of his right eye and cautiously peered about the room.

What he saw made him leap four feet into the stratosphere!

On the other side of the desk stood a guy fifteen feet high. Yes, fifteen feet high, and dressed in ancient Greek armor. His helmet clunked against the ceiling as he bent over the bronze lamp.

Yet, after the first moment, Toby was not afraid.

The giant warrior was in a melancholy mood, Toby says, and seemed not disposed to hurt anyone, though he could have pulverized Joe Louis with his little finger. Indeed, for a long while the giant seemed unaware of Toby's presence, and went on fumbling with the bronze lamp.

Finally he looked up and spoke in a deep, sepulchral voice. Toby did not understand, but the words put him mentally back in the fourth row of his Greek class in high school, where a frizzle-headed prof named Pop Rose was gibbering unintelligibly.

The warrior tried again, this time in English, which Toby understands.

"I am Hermes Xenophon Acropolis. I did not mean to disturb you, but will you kindly remove this?" Mr. Acropolis handed Toby the bronze lamp and indicated the shade and the kerosene apparatus.

"Sure, sure, Mr. Acropolis. Anything you say."

Mr. Acropolis took back the bronze vase, and letting the desk light trickle down its long throat, he stared into the depths. His expression grew more sorrowful.

"Something wrong?" said Toby.

"It's just as I expected," replied Mr. Acropolis, sadly.

"Too bad," said Toby. "But that's life. May I ask what's the trouble?"



Mr Acropolis suddenly reminded Toby of the Empire State Building when storm clouds are gathering thunderbolts. He prodded the vase with a reverent finger.

"This," said Mr. Acropolis, "is my burial urn." Toby shrank in his skin. "Burial urn? You mean you're dead?"

Not a pleasant situation, eh? And not at all relieved when the warrior guy added in that graveyard voice that Boris Karloff uses in his more morbid moments. "Yes, I forgot to duck a javelin at Marathon. My sacred ashes are contained within this urn—what's left of them."

The ancient Greeks, Toby remembered, favored cremation to dispose of their faithful departed. Saved undertakers' bills. And so here he was, talking to a ghost—and the bronze lamp was not a bronze lamp, or even a paperweight, but a *burial urn*! He understood now why the oily proprietor of the second-hand store had been so eager to pass it on to someone else.

"By the gods!" Mr. Acropolis exploded, and Toby felt ten years sliced off his life. It was cold comfort to think the proprietor of the second-hand store had gone through this, too. "Why must my sacred ashes be scattered so wantonly? And there no respect? First that wretched archaeologist lost a good portion when he unsealed my urn. From then on I haven't been able to call these ashes my own. Each time another blasted mortal touches this urn more of my ashes vanish—until now I don't know where half of it is."

"Downright shame," Toby sympathized.

Mr. Acropolis made a gesture. "Won't I look fine on the Last Day? Only half turned out!"

Toby considered the prospect. "Appalling," he decided, and started to tell Mr. Acropolis about a movie he'd seen recently, titled *The Invisible Man's Half Brother*.

"The idiot who fashioned a lamp of this urn lost most of my ashes," interrupted Mr. Acropolis, "but he lived to regret it."

Toby winced. "I tell you what, maybe you ought to take the urn. Keep an eye on it yourself. You know, half a loaf—"

"No," replied Mr. Acropolis, sadly. "Nice of you to suggest it, but the urn cannot be brought into the spiritual kingdom." Mr. Acropolis paused, and Toby could see the spectral anger replaced by an idea. "You," said Mr. Acropolis, fixing him with an Ancient Mariner's eye, "you will take care of the urn for me."

"But—but—but—"

The proprietor of the second-hand store could have taken lessons from Mr. Acropolis in how to acquire oily persuasiveness and crack knuckles. "You will keep this urn in your family, and it will be an heirloom to be carefully kept by you and your descendants. *Carefully kept.* Remember that, mackerel face!"

The upshot was that Toby agreed. What else could he do? Toby is sure that Mr. Acropolis would consider eye-gouging a sissy sport, and he shuddered to think what had befallen the lamp-maker who unwittingly desecrated and scattered the ashes of Mr. Acropolis.

Still, looking at it another way, there aren't many guys in this world who have a sacred trust. Considering this Toby felt a warmth stir in his bosom. After all, he did spend one summer with the Boy Scouts, and that always leaves its mark.

Promising to pop back once in a while to see how well his sacred ashes were being preserved, the ghostly Mr. Acropolis finally departed, and Toby was glad. During the last few minutes, he says, it was touch and go, because even with an

A-plus conscience like his, these conversations with the Other World take their toll.

THE SUN was bubbling through the curtains when Toby awoke again, and he was amazed at the cheeriness of the place. The stale air of the previous night had been dispelled. His desk had been tidied; the empty root beer bottle and the accumulation of cigarette ashes had disappeared. Yet these were ordinary conditions wrought by the perpetual motions of Aunt Amelia. There must be some other explanation for this preternatural cheeriness, thought Toby.

Then he knew what it was. A graceful vase that shone like burnished gold sat on his desk, with fresh-cut chrysanthemums from the garden glowing prettily in the sunlight.

Toby liked the effect. And he was contemplating it with a good deal of inner pleasure, when something like a hot ten-minute egg stuck in his throat.

For this cheerful vase, glittering so happily in the sun, was the *bronze lamp*—minus shade and kerosene apparatus, and highly polished!

"Oh, my sainted aunt!" he gasped.

"Did you call me?" said Aunt Amelia, from under the desk, where she was digging a fox-hole with broom and duster.

Toby nearly strangled. "Did you—did you?" he croaked.

Aunt Amelia looked pleased. "Makes a pretty flower vase, doesn't it?"

"You? — You?"

"Yes," replied Aunt Amelia. "It's certainly a better vase than an ashtray, anyway. And hereafter, Walter Raleigh, keep your cigarette ashes where they belong. How you can consume so much tobacco without exhaling brown is beyond me."

Toby found his voice again. A thin voice, unrecognizable as his own, and hardly worth finding.

"Y-you mean," he sputtered, "you mean you threw out the ashes—the sacred ashes—that were in that vase?"

"Naturally," said Aunt Amelia.

Toby did not wait for any more bright dialogue. He left the house without picking a toothbrush, and he hasn't been home since. I cannot say that I blame him. You see, he doesn't know what to say to Mr. Acropolis.

FOR a minute after Joe the Bartender had finished speaking, I was silent before tragedy of the first water.

"It's a tragedy of the first water," I said.

Joe the Bartender funneled some new liquor into an old bottle and tried to freshen the label with a bar rag. "I think we can help Toby," he said at last.

"It's tacking Mr. Acropolis, count me out," I said. "I don't like those fifteen-foot guys. Especially when they're ectoplasm."

"It's very simple," whispered Joe. He leaned closer and the 100 percent proof miasma of his breath nearly accomplished what all his mixed poisons had failed to do for me. "The idea came to me like a flash. We will simply substitute the ashes of your cigar in the burial urn, and all will be all right."

I digested this in silence. My cigar, which had smoldered throughout the telling of Brother Toby Perwold's case history, wore a wide collar of rich grey ash, and our eyes agreed that it seemed good enough.

"Looks like the goods," I said. "But won't Mr. Acropolis look funny on Judgment Day—running around in a Havana filler?"

THE END

CHARLIE CHAN

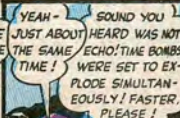
HAVING
AVERTED AN
EXPLOSION AT
THE ARSENAL,
CHAN, WITH
GINA AND AN
AMBULANCE
DRIVER, RACES
TO HELP
KIRK...

WE'RE ON
THE RIGHT
TRACK! I HEARD
A BLAST FROM
THIS DIRECTION!



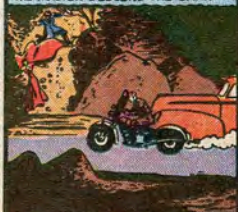
-AT ABOUT THE
SAME TIME AS THE
EXPLOSION AT THE
MAGAZINE!

YEAH -
JUST ABOUT
HEARD WAS NOT
THE SAME
TIME!



SOUND YOU
ECHO! TIME BOMBS
WERE SET TO EX-
PLODE SIMULTAN-
EOUSLY! FASTER,
PLEASE!

MEANWHILE, KIRK RACES ALONGSIDE
MORGAN'S COUPE, JUST AS ZARA AND
THE MASTER DESCEND THE BANK -



ZARA! YOU
CAN'T HIT THAT
CYCLIST AT SUCH
SPEED!
CAREFUL!

HOLD YOUR
TONGUE! I SHOOT
BEST AT A MOVING
TARGET!



LOOKS LIKE
I'M THE CLAY PIGEON!
GOTTA PULL OUT
OF THIS ONE!



SPURTING AHEAD, KIRK FORCES MORGAN
TO VEER SHARPLY INTO THE BANK -



YOU BLIGHTER!
TRYING TO WRECK
ME, EH?

-GIVING HIM A CHANCE TO PASS
ZARA, AS SHE AND THE MASTER STEP
BACK TO AVOID BEING RUN DOWN-

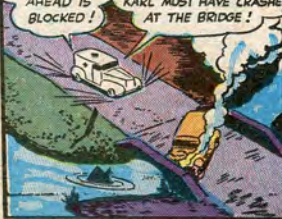


NOW HE HAS
PASSED US,
ZARA!

WATCH!
EXACTLY BETWEEN
HIS SHOULDERS!
SO!



SLOW DOWN-
QUICKLY! ROAD
AHEAD IS
BLOCKED!



YES! THERE'S
OUR STATION WAGON!
KARL MUST HAVE CRASHED
AT THE BRIDGE!

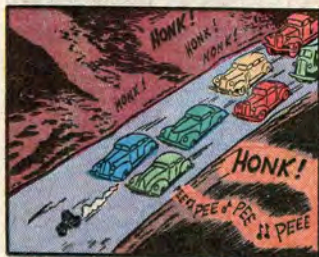
BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



BOYS! GIRLS!

SAVE WASTE PAPER!

HELP YOUR COUNTRY WIN THE WAR!

MOVIE STAR PICTURES
(ALL IN COLORS)
54 2 1/2 x 3 1/2" Cowboys... 30c
25 5 x 7" Movie Stars... 30c
Both for 60c

A splendid collection of popular stars. This offer good any time. SCREEN ART STUDIO, Dept 72 1633 Milwaukee Ave., Chicago



MEN



This Horse-shoe Ring, Hand made Hand-engraved, inlaid with simulated pearl, is a KNOCK-OUT! Shoe and shank of beautiful highly polished Monel Metal is

GUARANTEED 20 YEARS

Supply is limited... act now! SEND NO MONEY with order, just name and ring size. Pay on arrival, 20% tax included. ONLY \$3.98. NOT one cent extra for anything! Return in five days for refund if not delighted. Address:

Dept. 346-H
AMERICAN JEWELRY CO., Wheeling, W. Va.

Captain Yank

BY FRANK TINSLEY

YANK TELLS THE RUSSIAN OFFICER OF JAP PLANS TO BLOW UP RED ARMY FORTIFICATIONS ALONG THE RIVER.

YOU SAY THE JAPS HAVE MINED THIS SHORE OF THE RIVER?

THAT'S WHAT I SAID... AND AS SOON AS THEY REALIZE WE'VE ESCAPED WITH THE NEWS, THEY'LL **TOUCH IT OFF!**

THE MARSHAL IS STILL AT HEADQUARTERS... PASS, COMRADES!

LOOKS LIKE THE FAMILY ENTRANCE OF AN UNDERGROUND FORT—WHAT A SET-UP!

COME THIS WAY **QUICKLY!**

WOW! THIS PLACE IS A REGULAR LITTLE MAGINOT LINE! ... NO WONDER THE JAPS WANT TO BLOW IT UP!

THERE'S ONE MORE THING, MARSHAL CHEVENKO... THAT DYING JAP GENERAL MUMBLED SOMETHING ABOUT A SURPRISE DRIVE ACROSS THE CORNER OF NEUTRAL MONGOLIA!

THAT CHECKS WITH OUR SECRET INFORMATION, CAPTAIN YANK... WE HAVE PREPARED FOR THAT... BUT—THIS MINE YOU SPEAK OF...!

YOU SEE, THIS NEW FORT GUARDS THE ONLY PASS THE JAPANESE CAN USE TO DRIVE ON LAKE BAIKAL. IF THEY **BLOW IT UP...!**

AND BY NOW THEY MUST KNOW WE'RE ON TO THEIR GAME!

KARASKOB! YOU'RE RIGHT! I'LL ORDER A "GENERAL ALERT" IMMEDIATELY! ... AND AS FOR YOU, COMRADE CAPTAIN...

YOU AND I ARE LEAVING AT ONCE... TO PAY A LITTLE VISIT—**TO THAT TUNNEL!**

BIG SHOT

IF THE YELLOW DEVILS BLAST THIS FORTRESS, THEY CAN CUT OFF ALL EASTERN SIBERIA!... AS YOU YANKEES SAY, WE'VE GOT TO **MOVE FAST!**

THEY HAVE A PRETTY STRONG FORCE ACROSS THE RIVER, MARSHAL CHEVENKO... I DON'T SEE HOW YOU CAN MOVE ENOUGH MEN TO RAID THE TUNNEL IN TIME!



THESE SNOW BIRDS'LL TAKE CARE OF 'EM!... THEY'RE A LITTLE WINTER SURPRISE WE'VE BEEN HOLDING UP OUR SLEEVE!

ARMORED SLEDS!



WOW! THESE BABIES SURE CAN STEP ALONG, SIR!

THEIR ENGINES ARE SO POWERFUL, THEY ALMOST TAKE OFF AND FLY!



BUT... EVEN AS THE SPEEDY SLEDS START ACROSS THE FROZEN RIVER, JAP ENGINEERS ARE CONNECTING UP THE LAST OF THE FIRING WIRES THAT WILL DETONATE TONS OF T.N.T. BENEATH THE RUSSIAN DEFENSES!



ACROSS ALREADY! NOW, IF YOU WILL BE SO KIND TO GUIDE US, CAPTAIN YANK!

GLAD TO, SIR... TELL YOUR DRIVER TO BEAR TO THE RIGHT -- HE CAN PICK UP OUR TRACKS AND FOLLOW 'EM RIGHT TO THE MINE!



MEANWHILE, IN THE TUNNEL!

DESPICABLE RUSSIANS HAVE LEARN OUR SECRET-- MUST WORK FAST, KATO!

DETONATOR WIRES ALL CONNECTED, MAJOR SAN... WE GO NOW?



FASTER!... MUST EXPLODE MINE BEFORE STUPID COMMUNISTS HAVE TIME TO ACT!



I CONNECT FIRING SWITCH QUICKLY -- THEN WE BLOW RUSSIAN FORT TO PIECES...

AND CLEAR PASS FOR OUR SURPRISE INVASION OF SIBERIA!... WE WILL ALL HAVE MUCH HONOR!



ALL IN READINESS, MAJOR SAN... WILL MOST HIGH EXCELLENCY DEIGN TO DEPRESS PLUNGER?

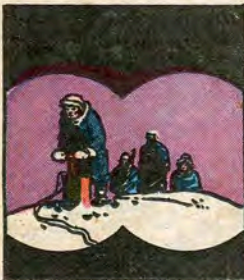


I THINK WE ARRIVE IN GOOD TIME, COMRADE... I SEE NO ONE AROUND TUNNEL ENTRANCE!

LOOK! MARSHAL CHEVENKO... ON THAT HILL!



BIG SHOT



THOSE NIP DEVILS ARE ALL SET TO BLOW THE MINE!— WE'LL NEVER GET THERE IN TIME TO STOP 'EM!



PERHAPS NOT *WE*, COMRADE YANK... BUT LITTLE KATINKA, HERE, SHE HAS ONE LONG REACH!



I GUESS WE MOVE TOO FAST FOR THEM, EH, COL. RUDIKI?— NOW YOUR ENGINEERS CAN START PULL THE TEETH OF THAT NICE JAPANESE MINE!

OH—OH—**LOOK!**

THE MAIN JAP FORCE!



THE JAPS HAVE A BIGGER FORCE HERE THAN I REALIZED... LOOK AT THOSE TRUCKS!

HHMM... COL. RUDIKI—HOW LONG WILL IT TAKE YOUR ENGINEERS TO DISMANTLE THAT MINE?



QUITE A WHILE, COMRADE MARSHAL... WE COULD NEVER HOLD THE JAPS OFF LONG ENOUGH WITH JUST THESE THREE SLEDS!

YOU'RE RIGHT! THEY'LL RETAKE THE TUNNEL LONG BEFORE WE CAN GET REINFORCEMENTS ACROSS THE RIVER!

AND THAT T.N.T. IS STILL **UNDER YOUR FORT!**



THERE'S ONLY ONE CHANCE, SIR... WITH YOUR PERMISSION, I'LL TRY TO NEUTRALIZE THAT MINE!

I'VE GOT AN IDEA TOO, RUDIKI... COUNT ME IN ON THE PARTY!

WHAT—WHAT'S THAT?



RUDIKI!—CAPTAIN YANK! WHAT ARE YOU TWO UP TO?

GOTTA WORK FAST, SIR... HOLD TH' NIPPS OFF AS LONG AS YOU CAN!



YANK!— WAIT FOR ME!

THOSE CRAZY FOOLS HAVE SOME IDEA IN MIND AND IT'S UP TO US TO GAIN THEM ENOUGH TIME!... GET IN YOUR SLEDS, COMRADES, WE GO **PLAY WITH THE JAPS!**

BIG SHOT





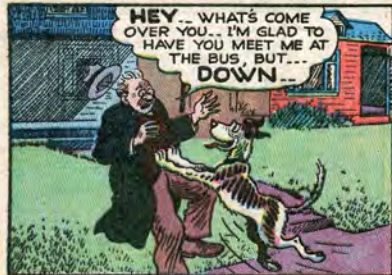
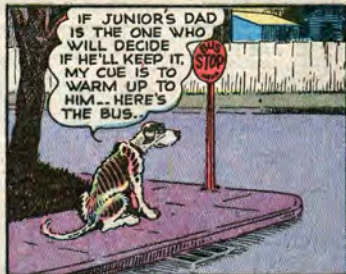
JUNIOR
OFFERED
TO CURE
A PUPPY
OF CAR-
SICKNESS
FOR FOLKS
HE NEVER
SAW
BEFORE



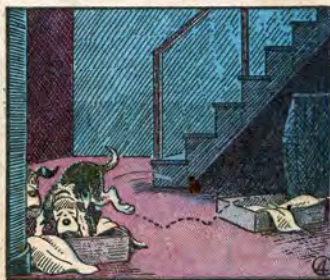
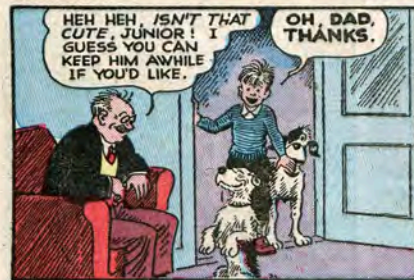
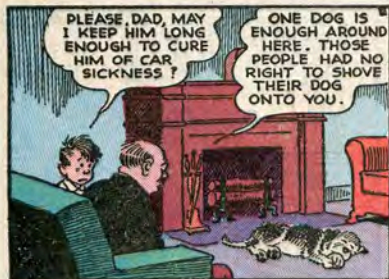
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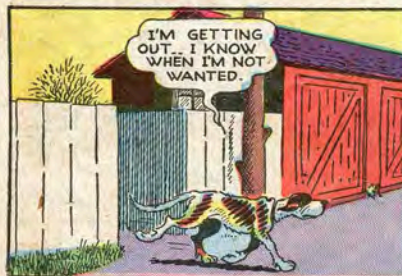
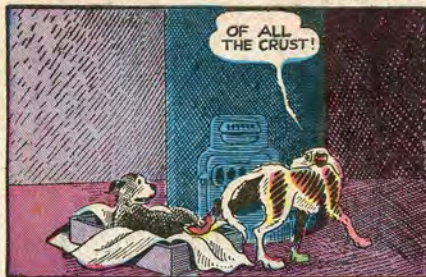
BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



The FACE

by MART BAILEY



WILD BILL SOGGANS, WAR CORRESPONDENT, ASSUMED RESPONSIBILITY FOR *THE FACE* MASK DURING TONY TRENT'S IMPRISONMENT IN JAPAN.... THEN ONE DAY CAPTAIN BIGGS, FORMER POLICE INSPECTOR, TURNED UP IN THE PACIFIC WAR ZONE AND ANNOUNCED THAT *THE FACE* IS WANTED BACK IN NEW YORK FOR AN ANCIENT MURDER....

MUST BE A POLTER-GEIST LOOSE IN THIS HOUSE! NOW MY CAP'S GONE. EVERYTHING'S DIS-APPEARING LATELY.

YOU CAN BET *THE FACE* IS BEHIND THESE THEFTS.

BUT FROM THE CLOSET CHUCKLES A DEMONIC LITTLE MAN WITH A SOUL OF MISCHIEF....

DID YOU HEAR A YELL CAPTAIN BIGGS? — LIKE SOMEONE IN TERROR...UPSTAIRS!



BIG SHOT



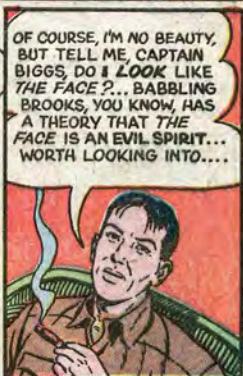
BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT

IN JAPAN, AS MAJOR HEDAKI LUNGES WITH MURDEROUS SWORD, TONY TRENT WHIPS THE QUILT OFF HIS SICK BED...

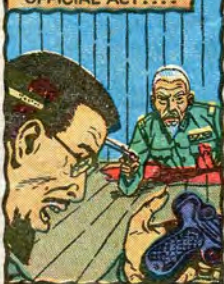
AND WHEN I WAS A KID, FOLKS SAID I WAS WASTING TIME READING THOSE CLOAK AND SWORD THRILLERS!



FOOLISH MAN! YOU HESITATED TOO LONG TO KILL ME — TOO BAD FOR YOU!



BUT BEFORE HEDAKI CAN SQUEEZE THE TRIGGER, GENERAL YATO PERFORMS HIS LAST OFFICIAL ACT....



ON THE ISLAND...

THE MASK DOESN'T SEEM TO BE HERE...

L-L-L-LOOK!



CRIMMING OVER THE WINDOW SILL WITH FRIENDLY FEROCITY — THE FACE!

OGLEWOP?



GREAT HEAVENS! IS THAT THE FACE?



AS I WAS SAYING, CAPTAIN BIGGS, YOU OUGHT TO LOOK INTO BROOKS' THEORY ABOUT THE FACE BEING AN EVIL SPIRIT.... GOSH, IF HE CAN CHANGE SHAPE LIKE THAT, THE FACE MUST BE A WERWOLF!



NEXT... THE FACE HUNT